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Newport Mercury.

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Job Printing
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F. A. PRATT, WM. MESSER.

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Children's Corner.

THE GREAT WEST.
In the year 1800, the population west of the Alleghenies was about four hundred thousand. Within a half century it had increased to more than twelve millions.
Just think of this, children. It is wonderful! How much is still to be done to convey the blessings of the gospel to every man, woman and child in the great West? We know that there are still thousands who never heard the sound of the church bell, and very many thousands of children who have never entered a Sabbath School. You can scarcely imagine how large a number of grown persons can be found in the New States and Territories who have never learned to read or write. How can our country prosper if we do not remove the ignorance that exists among those who help to make laws to govern the land?
In reading the story of "Twins at the West," you learn what happened a great many years ago, when that whole country was a wilderness. When it is published in a book, some copies will be left at the office of the *Newport Mercury*, to be lent to the children who have become interested in the story. But we wish now to occupy the space in giving you some idea of things as they actually exist in Oregon.
A gentleman in Oregon, in a letter to the *New York Times*, states that they have a population of at least thirty thousand, scattered all through the valleys and along the coast of that country, and that for this population there are scarcely any schools or churches. The question comes, what shall be done? The question comes, what shall be done? The question comes, what shall be done? The following facts show what can be done, and how it can be done.
The American Sunday-School Union has had for several years a missionary reading and laboring in Missouri. The following extract gives a fair idea of the kind of neighborhoods he finds and the work which he does.
"At precisely ten o'clock we arrived at the place. It is a log school-house situated in a retired spot on the edge of the woods. We find it full of people, men, women and children, and a number are standing around the door. From these we learn a few particulars respecting the neighborhood. They are, and ever have been, entirely destitute of religious instruction. There has never been but one sermon preached in the neighborhood since its first settlement, twenty years ago, and never a Sunday School. We enter the school, and find a few scholars, some of whom have never learned to read their Bible and have an opportunity. I am not ashamed to take my seat in a class with those little children, and I intend to do it. And the books the gentleman has brought, it seems to me, are just the books I want to read. For he says they are plain and can be understood. I take it they tell us of the true religion."
(To be continued.)

ONLY ONE LIFE.

"'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our days are but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not many lives, but only one have we;
One, only one—
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new soil.
REPENTANCE.—Sincere repentance is never too late; but late repentance is often insincere.

Poetry.

From the German of Seidl.
THE EMBLEM OF MAN.
BY REV. CHARLES T. BROWN.
The Danish king, old Siger, in sadness bowed his head;
He called his friends around him—they came;
No word he said.
Until at last he slowly looked upward to the sky,
And then his lips he opened and spoke with deep-
drawn sigh:
"I am an aged monarch, once I was young and strong,
As man with men have mingled and strive and struggled long.
My frame with toil was wasted, my hair is thin and grey,
And yet, who was this Siger, I know not to this day.
My servants, at my pleasure, old ocean's billows lashed,
And when I nod, the icebergs roll down with thundering crash.
Of all things fixed or fleeting the forms are in my mind,
Yet of myself no image can I, by searching find.
Say, what is man?—A dreamer?—He dreams, yet oft wakes he!
What, then, is man?—A phantom?—My life still lives to me!
This giant is no insect, this penny is no god;
Too firm to be a flower, too tender for a cloud.
His type is not the serpent; the eagle yields it not;
I, an old king, yet know not, or who I am or what!
Go, call my Siger before me, who drank from Mi-
mer's well!
What is man's form and image, this instant he shall tell!"
The Seid obeys the summons; the King his doubt declares;
The Seid draws forth the pencil he in his girdle bears,
Steps to the wall in silence, with grave, majestic air,
And traces out a circle and yet another there.
They gaze on that strange draughtman win won-
der-filled brow.
"Thou man, O king, behold him," he cries; "e'en
such as thou!
Contained in that first circle thy body's history learn:
Dust unto dust, it hastens each moment to return.
But in the second circle behold thy spirit's track:
Light unto light it hastens, from life's first track,
back!"
The monarch hears, then presses his hand, in sight of all,
Then wipes with his mantle the circles from the wall.

Selected Tales.

THE SON'S RETURN.

BY MISS MAGGIE FENTZ.

WILDLY howled the dreary winter's night around that old and almost deserted tenement, situated in what was once called Orange street, but which has since assumed a name which our 'City Fathers,' in their infinite wisdom, have concluded to designate as Baxter street, hoping that the ancient reputation of the place might be lost sight of by the adoption of a new name—forgetting Shakespeare's remark, that 'a rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet.'
It was an awful night, with an atmosphere as keen, almost, as that which prevails in the Arctic regions. People who had homes gathered more closely around their comfortable firesides, and listened with satisfaction to the music of the blast without—music to them, because as snugly contrasted with their own in-door comforts. But no music was there in the solemn requiem of winter, to the souls of shivering outcasts, who wandered unprotected beneath the cold sky, or huddled, starving and perishing, in those cheerless hovels which poverty is obliged to choose for its imperfect and cheerless shelter.
That old, dilapidated house, to which we alluded at the beginning of this sketch, was, upon the desolate night in question, inhabited by a widowed mother and her children. Let us look upon them in their garret, and contemplate the scene.
Do not think, reader, that we are going to enter upon the realms of romance, and introduce you to a lady of reduced fortunes, beautiful and accomplished, who has been compelled by adverse circumstances to take up her abode in this miserable place. No! we are speaking of people in humble life, just as they are and have been; and God knows this class needs more notice and Christian charity than does the rich and pampered aristocracy who never knew a want, and in too many cases fatten upon the necessities of the poor.
The widow Agin had devoted the best portion of her life to the support of her husband and children. To the support of her husband she asks the reader, in surprise, yes, even so. When, in old Ireland, she consented to become the wife of Philip Agin, he was at that time as handsome and likely a young fellow as the old country ever produced. They emigrated to America, and he treated her kindly for a while, until the demon of drink overcame him, made him abusive towards his wife and neglectful of his family, destroyed his health, and he died, leaving behind him a wife and four children.
But let us return to the cold, inclement night, and the desolate house.
The rooms which the widow and her three children inhabited, presented no aspect of comfort. On the contrary it gave evidence of the most deplorable poverty, destitution and want. No cheerful fire burned in the scanty fire-place—no comfortable carpet covered the floor—and the miseries of the place were rendered partially visible by the dim light of a flickering tallow candle, nearly burnt out. A few broken chairs, a rickety table a few articles of crockery and kitchen utensils, and a straw bed, constituted the entire furniture of the room.
The widow—a plain, homely woman, upon whom want had made its visible mark—sat with her three little children huddled in her arms, endeavoring to communicate to them some warmth while the biting blasts of winter rushed in through the broken roof, sending thrills of anguish through the frames of that devoted mother and her three devoted babes.
"Mamma," said the eldest, "I am so cold—oh dear!"
"And I am so hungry," murmured another; "please give little Lizzy a piece of bread."
"When will brother come home?" whispered the youngest; "you know that he always takes good care of us when he is here, and we have plenty to eat, and such a nice fire!"
"He will be home soon, I hope," said the mother; "be patient, my dears. When he comes, he will be sure to bring us food and fire-wood."
But the poor children wept bitterly, for hunger and cold, combined, were fast destroying their delicate frames, and fitting their innocent spirits for an upward journey to Heaven.
"Think of such scenes as these, ye who luxuriate upon soft couches upon all the delicacies of life. Think of these things, and give something from the superfluity of your abundance for the support of your unfortunate fellow creatures!"
"Oh, God!" cried the widow, in anguish of spirit, as she clasped her poor children more closely to her breast; "what can have become of James! Something evil must certainly have befallen him, for he has now been gone a whole week, and no tidings from him. Without his help, what is to become of us?"
Hark! the crazy old front door creaks harshly upon its rusty hinges—footsteps are heard upon the stairs—the steps of two

persons—yet the widow recognizes the footsteps of one of these persons as being dearly familiar to her—at least, she thinks she does. Can it be—
Her full heart cannot answer the half-completed question.
Tramp! tramp! up the broken and tottering stair-cases they come.
The door is violently thrown open, and two young men enter the room. They are laden with baskets and packages, which they unceremoniously place upon the floor, for they are both quite tired and out of breath. They are both hearty young fellows, sixteen years old or thereabouts, very comfortably dressed in substantial winter clothing, and both wearing upon their rugged yet comely faces the evidences of industry and incessant toil.
But one of these youths is far more animated and delighted than the other. That he is the widow's son, James Agin, is a fact made abundantly manifest by the almost delirious rapture with which the poor woman throws her arms about him, while the children crowd about him with noisy exclamations of joy and welcome.
"Mother," said the boy, as soon as these demonstrations had somewhat subsided, "set the young 'uns to work to kindle a fire, for here is plenty of wood. Then we'll have such a glorious supper, for I have brought up tea and sugar, bread and butter, to any amount. There is also milk for the children and meat for us all. Plenty of blankets, and bed-clothing, are coming up presently, for I have made lots of money. I have been travelling around out of the city, selling a new paper, on which I've realized a small fortune. Tomorrow we shall all be able to move out of this crib, and take up more comfortable quarters elsewhere. Mike here, as good a newsboy as ever traveled, has helped me to bring up the goods, and if we don't have a glorious supper to-night, it is nobody's business! Hurrah!"
Half an hour afterwards, that happy party were seated at a humble but well-spread board, partaking of the smoking fare, which had been provided by the industry of the affectionate newsboy. The heart of the poor widow was too full to speak; but she went up in thankfulness to Heaven for having provided her with so excellent and dutiful a son.
Mother Made It.
A few weeks since, while in one of the beautiful inland cities of Wisconsin, an incident occurred which awakened in my mind a train of reflections which possibly may be written and read with advantage.
I was hurrying along the street, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement, selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse. His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded but well patched. His candy was spread upon a coarse, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a jappanned server. He was surrounded by a group of boys evidently belonging to different grades of society.
As I came nearly opposite him, the oft-repeated interlude, "Candy, sir!" fell upon my ears, and, although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stepped aside to patronize the light-haired, pale, freckled homely little representative of trade. I purchased of him partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks of the family with which I was a temporary guest.
The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it, being free from the poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionary art. I tasted it, and found it delicately flavored and very nice.
"My boy," said I, "your candy is very good; let me have a little more."
I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions, which, in themselves, were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy as he raised his large eyes sparkling with delight, and observed in reply,
"It is good, isn't it? Mother made it."
In these few words was embodied an unconscious exhibition of character. Here was a spontaneous outburst of filial affection.
Now this incident, in itself was trifling, but the spirit of the language carried my mind back through life more than thirty years, and at irregular intervals bade me pause and apply the sentiment to some item connected with my own history.
Before making the application, however, I wish to disabuse myself of the charge which such application may incur, of appropriating to myself the nobility of character which I have above attributed to the candy boy. Holding myself exempt from this arrogance, I would simply say, I am not ashamed of the profession of my affection for my parents, and hope I may not outlive that profession.
When I was a little boy at school and carried my dinner in a satchel made of calico, some of my schoolmates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a 'poke.' I felt vexed, but recollected myself with the recollection that if I did carry my dinner in a 'poke,' mother made it. In less

than twenty-five years after that time, one of these same schoolmates was happy to avail himself of the privilege of sending his children to my school to receive gratuitous instruction, proffered in view of his extreme poverty. His children came to school without any dinner. They had no nice willow basket—they needed no calico 'poke.'
William Foster ruled his copy book with a pencil set in a fine silver case. He said he would not carry such a great ugly club of a pencil as mine. I compared the pencils. His was the handsomest, but no better than mine. I had a good lead pencil hammered out of a piece of lead. "Mother did it," and I was satisfied with it. After we grew up to be men, William Foster came to me to get me to calculate interest on a small note at six per cent. per annum; he carried a pencil worth four cents. I had no gum elastic ball; but I had one made of woven ravelings, and covered with leather. "Mother made it." When in my twenty-second year, I left home to attend school in L. There were in the school some fast young men, the sons of wealthy parents. There were others whose good sense was not annihilated by pecuniary advantages. Of the former class was one John Stokes, who wore very fine broadcloth. My best coat was not so fine, the cloth cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; my mother had traded two chickens of her own manufacture for it, while I was working to assist my father in raising his family; she paid fifty cents for getting the garment cut, and made it herself.
John Stokes came one day to my desk, held out his arm, compared his coat sleeve with mine and inquired ironically, where I got such a fine coat. I proudly told him, Mother made it. He feigned great surprise and sarcastically observed he had mistaken it for imported goods; he wished he could get such fine clothes, and wondered if mother would get him up a fine coat.
A short time afterward, while in a tailor shop, one morning with a fellow student, John Stokes's fine coat was brought in by a lad with instructions to scour and press it. He was not in his class that day, he had been seen the previous night on Water street, rolling in the mud drunk as Bacchus. He left school in disgrace. He now lies in a drunkard's grave.
I boarded myself while attending school here. I walked nine miles home at the close of each week, and returned on Monday morning with my loaf of bread under my arm. It became stale before Friday evening, but I always relished it when I recollected that Mother made it.
I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not still respect my mother and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat while I write this. She knows not what I am writing. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, nor philosophy, nor music. These things were seldom taught in her young days. But she knows their value, and has toiled hard many a day to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip of scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years behind the Websterian era? Never—no, never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well when she rode seven miles one cold winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but Mother made it.
Elegant Extract.
He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hopes is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity. Let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck the little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest the crutches from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighted by the prospect of the better country to which we think it will lead. To us it will not end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate. Quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illuminated the darkness of suffering virtue.—Mackenzie.
You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of indifference, of one or two lines not suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear of it.
A new sewing machine, to collect rents, mend manners, and repair family breaches, would find ready sale.

Sabbath Reading.

Says a New York correspondent of the *Newport Mercury*: "I have recently been reading a volume of Spurgeon's sermons, published by Sheldon & Co. of our city. With two little unledged nestlings, you know, I find little time for reading, but I cannot tell you how much I have feasted on Spurgeon. This is the first of his publications I have seen, and I form from it a very favorable opinion of his writings. I am told that more than one hundred and twenty thousand volumes have already been circulated in this country. What a depth of meaning is conveyed in the words *ambassador for Christ*! I have been impressed with Spurgeon's qualifications for this office. It is evident that he has an intimate personal acquaintance with the King his Master, with whom he enjoys frequent and delightful interviews; thus he is enabled to preach Christ in all his fulness. We have not much of this sort of preaching in this so-called intellectual age. The heart of Christ is little understood even by the Christian world. 'The secret of the Lord' is not with all the saints, and sinners can see no beauty in Him that they should desire him.
In reading Spurgeon, I am reminded of some of the old Puritan writings. Indeed he has quoted so freely from them, that he seems to have become familiar with their quaint, rich style. You must read this book. There is one sermon in particular to which I would call your attention, on Col. 2: 10. 'Ye are complete in Him.' 'I am sure you would feast upon it.'
A volume of Spurgeon's Gems is before us, from which we fill the column.
There are moments when the eyes glimmer with joy; and we can say, 'we are persuaded, confident, certain.' I do not wish to offend any one who is under doubt. Often gloomy doubts will prevail; there are seasons when you fear you have not been called, when you doubt your interest in Christ. Ah! what a mercy it is that it is not your hold of Christ that saves you! What a sweet fact that it is not how you grasp his hand, but his grasp of yours, that saves you.
On! there is a voice in love; it speaks a language which is its own; it has an idiom and a brogue which none can mimic; wisdom cannot imitate it; oratory cannot attain unto it; it is love alone which can reach the mourning heart; love is the only handkerchief which can wipe the mourner's tears away. And is not the Holy Ghost a loving comforter? Do not thou know, O saint, how much the Holy Spirit loves thee! Canst thou measure the love of the Spirit? Do not thou know how great is the affection of his soul towards thee? Go measure heaven with thy span; go weigh the mountains in the scales; go take the ocean's water, and tell each drop; go count the sand upon the sea's wide shore; and when thou hast accomplished this, thou canst tell how much he loveth thee. He has loved thee long, he has loved thee well, he loved thee ever, and he still shall love thee; surely he is the person to comfort thee, because he loves.
Ye lame! fear not; you will not be cast out. Two snails entered the ark; how they got there, I cannot tell. It must have taken them a long time. They must have set off rather early, unless it be that Noah took them part of the way. So some of you are snails; you are on the right road, but it will take a long while unless some blessed Noah help you into the ark.
FAITH is the gift of God. Does my natural father love me because he fed me, and because he clothed me? Nay, he clothed and fed me because he loved me, but his love was prior to his gift. His gifts did not draw his love to me, because he loved me before he gave them. And if any man says, 'God loves me because I can do this or that for him,' he talks nonsense.
Cast your troubles where you have cast your sins; you have cast your sins into the depth of the sea, there cast your troubles also. Never keep a trouble half an hour on your own mind before you tell it to God. As soon as the trouble comes, quick, the first thing; tell it to your father. Remember, that the longer you take telling your trouble to God, the more your peace will be impaired. The longer the trouble lasts, the more likely the ponds will be frozen.
If we look on a thing in the dark, we cannot see it; but we have done what we were told. So, if a singer only looks to Jesus, he will save him; for Jesus in the dark is as good as Jesus in the light; and Jesus when you cannot see him, is as good as Jesus when you can.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1744
month. The colonies were roused to a sense of their danger sometime before they were officially informed of the declaration of war. A French expedition was fitted out at Louisburgh on the 13th of May, which surprised and took Casner and made an unsuccessful attack on Annapolis; which had been reinforced from Massachusetts and by that attack successfully defended. About this time the French privateers swarmed about the coast of New England and made many prizes, which they carried into Louisburgh. The New England fisheries were abandoned and the commerce of the country generally restricted to such only as sailed under convoy.
New England early took the alarm for in the month of January the Legislature of Massachusetts being then convened, after much deliberation, decided by a majority of one vote only, to invite the other colonies to join for the purpose of reducing Louisburgh, the Dunkirk of the French American Provinces. This was a bold and gigantic project, but such was the enthusiasm of New England that they all embraced the proposition, and persevered to its final accomplishment, although the other English colonies all refused to join in it. Massachusetts proposed to raise herself 3200 men—that Connecticut raise 500 and New Hampshire and Rhode Island 300 each. On the 4th of March the Rhode Island Legislature convened by adjournment at East Greenwich. This assembly entered fully into the views of Massachusetts, and their first business was the following resolution, viz:—Whereas, the reducing the Island of Cape Breton to the obedience of his majesty is of the utmost importance to all his majesty's dominions and especially to the Provinces and colonies in New England, and this colony being willing and desirous to contribute as much as in their power, in joining the forces of the said Massachusetts Bay and the other colonies concerned in the expedition against said place, and it being thought proper by this assembly to make an addition to the forces granted in and by said act.
The assembly then enacted that 150 men be raised for the land service exclusive of officers, and a suitable transport to be procured for the land forces. This assembly also received a proposal from Godfrey Maudslowe, agent for the province of Massachusetts, requesting permission to raise a regiment of volunteers in Rhode Island to be paid by said province, which was granted to the extent of 350 men, and as a further encouragement for the men to enlist, this assembly generously voted to give each man an additional bounty of forty shillings.
The assembly authorized the Governor to invite Connecticut to join their land forces to those of Rhode Island, so that the whole might compose one regiment.
In the other colonies a day of fasting and prayer was appointed, to implore the Divine blessing on the expedition, but Rhode Island had not then come into that mode of warfare.
September 17, 1744, a distressing accident happened in Newport, by gunpowder, at a store on Taylor's wharf. Three gentlemen, Sention Grant, Esq., John Gidley and William Coddington were all so much injured that they all died in a few days. Mr. Gidley was a man of business and had at the time of the accident, three houses building in the southern part of Newport. They were all highly respected, and Mr. Gidley, whose Tombstone now lies in the church yard, was once Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court in Rhode Island.

1745.

The Assembly met at Newport April 30th and on the next day were elected, WILLIAM GREENE, Governor. JOSEPH WHIPPLE, Dep. Gov.
Assistants.
Benjamin Hazard, William Ellery, John Dexter, Daniel Howland, Wm. Barton, Rich. Fenner, Daniel Howland, Robert Lawton, James Arnold, Wm. Rice, Daniel Coggeshall, Rouse Helme, James Martin, Secretary. Daniel Uppdeke, Attorney General. John Gardner, General Treasurer. The deputies from Newport were Samuel Wickham, Peter Bours, Joseph Scott, George Wanton, Jonathan Nichols and James Sheffield.
In May the assembly voted to raise three companies immediately, and send to Cape Breton, to consist of fifty privateers each, exclusive of commissioned officers, to assist in carrying on the siege of Louisburgh. The troops to be sent to Newport as fast as enlisted or impressed. A transport to be provided and the whole to embark back in 20 days. They embarked in the transport brig Susan, but did not arrive until after Louisburgh surrendered.
The Rhode Island colony ship proceeded with the Connecticut colony ship in April, having under their convoy the transports with the Connecticut land forces. On their passage they fell in with a French packet ship of 36 guns, who had attempted to enter Louisburgh, but being prevented

But, on the other hand, the exceptions to the good rule in Christian countries, are become so numerous to allow us to find much fault with the Mormon or Mahometan practice. If the system be not so good as ours, it may be that they follow it with more fidelity, and therefore are not more liable to censure. In respect to the institution of marriage, on which all that is valuable in society must depend, it is to be regretted that our country has so little reason to boast. "It must be confessed, we think, that our State have not improved in any respect upon the English model. A divorce to the dissolution of the marriage contract, is granted for no cause only in England, and then only by an act of Parliament, founded on a previous sentence in *Chancery*, and upon the verdict of a jury at common law. Other separations are not, indeed, but they are only partial divorces, which do not leave either party at liberty to marry another. And it would be a needed improvement in the English system, (as they are not very exemplary, in the *legit. life*, as it is there esteemed,) they should prohibit a second marriage of either party while the other is living; also, in all those cases where a dissolution of the bonds of marriage has been decreed. And it is seen

THE annual meeting of the Corporation Zion Church was held on Monday last, and following officers were elected for the year ensuing:

Senior Warden—William Cornell.
Junior Warden—Henry W. Clarke.
Treasury—Miche W. Spencer, Henry Cranston, Augustus Westfield.
Stewards—Charles Devereux, Philip Rider, Charles Barber, William Mason, William Card, Al. Backer.
Treasurer—George Cosens.
Sunday School—J. A. Tarry—James Atkins.
Sessions—Solomon Gladding.

THE REV. J. VINTON, of St. Paul's Church, New York, reached New Orleans from Cincinnati on the evening of the 14th inst. His health greatly improved. After spending a week in New Orleans, he will proceed to the North.

WELL executed contracts for \$20 bills on Treasury Bank, Mass., are in circulation in Louisiana.

A coroner's inquest was held on Sunday by BENJAMIN MARSH 22, upon the body of infant, found on the shore of Coates Harbor Island. Dr. TURNER pronounced it to be still-born child, and supposed it to have been in the water for several days. Verdict of jury—"The said child was still-born."

MISSIEA, KEESEY & BIRCH Island, open the Ocean House in that city by the 14th June.

Mr. PHILIP SIMMONS was elected yesterday second councillor of the Third Ward to City Council, without opposition.

about four miles from the shore. Lady Napier was attended by Rev. Dr. Balch and several of his friends. As the yacht passed the Naval Academy the military band struck up the American national anthem "God Save the Queen." Lord Napier embarked about 9 P. M. attended by several of his friends. The Curcuous sailed for the American flag and the British ensign were hoisted. The vessel was christened "The Viscountess." The day spent in this country by Lord and Lady Napier was spent in Baltimore, as the guests of the Rev. Dr. Balch, and they only expressed regret that they were unable to visit the friends of their friends in the Monongahela valley as well as in the United States, who have expressed the pleasure of meeting the late British Minister and his most estimable lady, that they may have a safe and prosperous voyage.

THE receipts of the patent office last month are stated to be about \$14,000 over the expenses.

FIVE thousand breech-loading rifles and carbines have been ordered by the Mexican Liberal government.

OVER a million of guns, including cannons and small arms, have been returned to England by the vanquished Sepoys.

NO less than thirteen persons are to be executed in the United States, for murder, between this and the middle of May.

A FEW DAYS since, a cent was sold in Boston for \$21. It was stamped 1793. At the same sale a half dollar, stamped the last week of Washington's administration, brought \$57.

ACCORDING to an official estimation of diamonds of the crown of France, their value is 21,000 francs. In that amount, the Regent set down for 12,000,000 francs.

The number of English who permanently reside in Paris is estimated at 10,000. The returns, however, show that they have dwindled down to 2,000.

A REGISTRY bill has passed both houses of the New York Legislature.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET—Flourish Lot
At Market, 750 Beef Cattle, 75 Stores, 10
Sheep and Lambs, and 1100 Swine.
Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra \$5 50 a 9 75;
quality \$8 75; second quality, \$7 60; third
quality \$6 00.
Working Cows—\$140, 150, 160 a 175.
Milch Cows—\$44 a 47; common \$2 a 23.
Feal Cattle—\$4, 5 a 6.
Store Sheep—Two years old \$2 25
24, three years old \$2 34.
Tailor—at 71-2 a 36, Hides 7 1-2 a 18 1-2
Calf Skins—14 a 16c per lb. Pelts—\$1 62 a 2
Sheep & Lambs—\$1 75 a 2 50; Spring, \$1 5, 5 a 7
Swine—Shoats 61-2 a 7; Spring Pigs, 4

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STAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
STAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
STAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
STAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
THE BEST REMEDY
THE BEST REMEDY
THE BEST REMEDY

Coughs, Colds, and Influenza.

Coughs, Colds, and Influenza.
Coughs, Colds, and Influenza.
Coughs, Colds, and Influenza.
A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY
A CERTAIN REMEDY

WHOOPING-COUGH, GROUP, AND ASTHMA.
WHOOPING-COUGH, GROUP, AND ASTHMA.
WHOOPING-COUGH, GROUP, AND ASTHMA.
WHOOPING-COUGH, GROUP, AND ASTHMA.

A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE
A SURE CURE

A SURE CURE
 BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT.
 BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT.
 BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT.
 BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT.
A SOVEREIGN BALM
 A SURE CURE

A SOVEREIGN BALM
A SOVEREIGN BALM
A SOVEREIGN BALM
all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.
IT RELIEVES AT ONCE.

IT EFFECTS
PERMANENT CURE.
PERMANENT CURE.
PERMANENT CURE.
PERMANENT CURE.

Beware of Counterfeits.
Beware of Counterfeits.
Beware of Counterfeits.
Beware of Counterfeits.

only genuine has the written signature "I. BUTTS,"
as well as the printed name of the Proprietors,
JAMES M. SOMMER & CO., Boston.

BETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston,
 in the outside wrappers, therefore not desired.
FOR SALE
 Druggists and Dealers in Medicines both in City and
 Country,
EVERYWHERE.
EVERYWHERE.
EVERYWHERE.
EVERYWHERE.
 For sale by HAZARD & CASWELL,
 TAYLOR, Newport, J. BAILEY & SON, Providence
 and by Dealers everywhere. April 9

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR,
Prepared by Dr. SANFORD,
compounded entirely from GUMS.
ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MED-
ICINES now before the public, that acts as a cathartic,
milder and more effectual than any other medicine
is. It is not only a cathartic, but a liver remedy acting

The liver is one of the principle regulators of the body; and when it performs its functions well,

parts of the system are not entirely dependent on the action of the stomach. If, for instance, the liver is at fault, the bowels suffer in consequence, and the digestive system ceases to do its duty. One of the propensities of the human system is to combat with health to counteract the illness.

Now, if this remedy is used, it never performs its duty, but it tries to soothe, and the gums remove all poison, supplying in their place a healthy food, and fully developed. The stomach on the healthy action of the system, and the liver is at fault and the whole of one organ—the Liver—for the diseases of that organ are the most numerous. In a year to find some remedy means derangement to which almost found, any person complaining from any of these, conviction is certain. morbid or bad matter from place a healthy food of bile, and

draining the stomach,
IFYING THE BLOOD,
machinery removing
a radical cure.
LIOUS ATTACKS ARE
PREVENTED BY
R INVIGORATOR.

After each eating is suf-
ficient to relieve the stomach
retiring, prevents NIGHT

ly one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels
and cures CONSTI-
TIVENESS.
One dose taken after each meal will cure DYSPES-
One dose of two tea- spoonful will always relieve
HEADACHE.
The bottle taken for fe- maleobstruction removes
the disease, and makes a perfect cure.
And one dose immedi- relieve CHOLIC, while
ately one dose immedi- a sure cure for CHOLERA

Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the clinic after a long sickness.

JAUNDICE removes all stains from the skin. Before bedtime eating gives vivid digest well.

cures **CHRONIC DIARRHEA** while **SUMMER** and

FEVER, complaint yields
to one of two doses cure it
or, there is no surer
remedy, as it never fails.
A few bottles cures
it.

take for use in recom-
mending for FEVER AND
CHILL FEVER, of a Bill-
ings' Fever, of the same

WHO USE IT ARE GIVING THEIR UNANIMOUS TESTIMONY IN ITS FAVOR.

Mix Water in the Mouth with the Invigorator, swallow both together.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR

A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily making cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by

even the first dose giving benefit, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of LIVER COMPLAINT, from the worst Jaundice or Dyspepsia to a common Colic, all of which are the result of a diseased liver.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

R. SANFORD, Proprietor, 345 Broadway, New York
Sold by all Druggists. Sold also by
HAZARD & CASWELL and R. J. TAYLOR
May 1.—171a

MORE TO BE ADMIRER THAN THE
RICHEST DIADEM
EVER WORN
By Kings or Emperors.

hat? Why a Beautiful Head of Hair.
because it is the ornament *God himself provided* for all
race. Reader, although the rose may bloom ever so
glitly in the glowing cheek, the eye be ever so sparkling,
teeth be those of pearls, if the head be bereft of its cov-
ing, or the hair be snarled and shriveled, harsh and dry,
warm still, if sprinkled with Restorative, it used two or
three times a day, the hair will grow again, and the crown be
as soft and shining as the crown of a king.

times a week. Will restore and permanently secure to such an ornament. Read the following and judge. The tier of the first is the celebrated *Pianist Thelmer*.
 New York, April 19, 1858.
 Dear Sir:—Permit me to express to you the obligations I under to the entire restoration of my hair to its original color; about the time of my arrival in the United States, it rapidly becoming gray, but by the application of your *Hair Restorative* it soon recovered its original hue. I consider your *Restorative* as a very wonderful invention.

be efficacious as well as agreeable.
I am dear Sir, yours truly,
S. THALBERG.
Drych & Gwylledydet.²³
Finnish Newspaper office, 13 Nasamu street, April 12, 1848.
P.S. O. J. Whop.—Dear Sir, some month or six weeks
I received a bottle of your Hair Restorative and gave
to my wife, who concluded to try it on her hair. Little think-
ing at the time that it would restore the gray hair to its origi-
nal color, but to her, as well as my surprise, after a few
days that wonderful effect by turn-

all the gray hairs to a dark brown, at the same time
stiffening and thickening the hair. I strongly recommend
above Restorative to all persons in want of such a change
their hair.
CHARLES CARDEW
New York, July 25, 1867.

Now feel confident that a few more applications will restore them to their natural color. It also has relieved me of dandruff and unpleasant itching, so common among persons who perspire freely.

J. G. KILBY.

Prof. Wood—About two years ago my hair commenced turning gray and turning gray; I was fast becoming bald, and tried many remedies to no effect. I commenced using Hair Restorative in January last. A few applications cured my hair firmly. It began to fill up, grow out and

back to its former color (track). At the same time, it is returned to its original color, health and appearance. I cheerfully recommend its use to all.

J. D. HOES.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of 8 sizes, viz: large, gallon and small; the small holds 1-8 pint, and retails one dollar per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty cent more in proportion than the small, retails for two half per bottle; the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more

W. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York,
the green N. Y. Wire Bailing Establishment, and 114
Market street, St. Louis, Mo.
and sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
March 25—8ma.

BANANAS and Pine Apples, fresh at
April 23
R. WILSON'S
